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JUDGE

CLUB NUMBER

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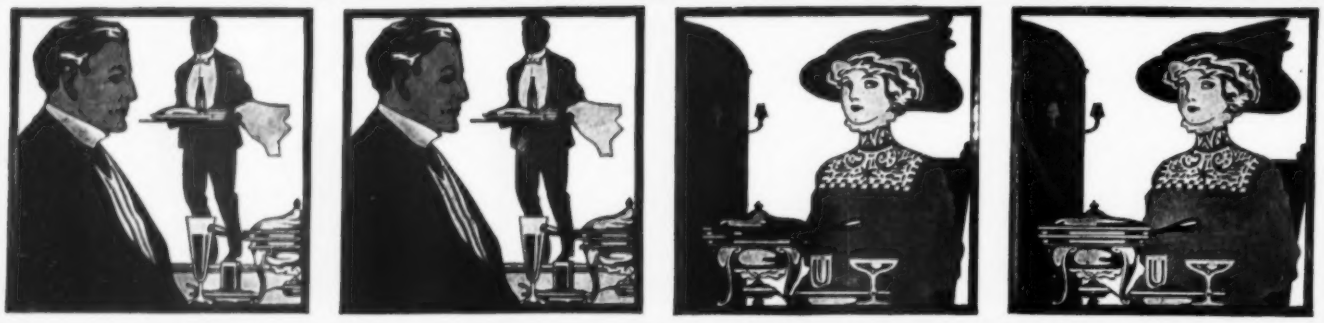
APRIL FOOL!



The Cause—

Sometimes you eat too much
Sometimes you drink too much
Sometimes you do both

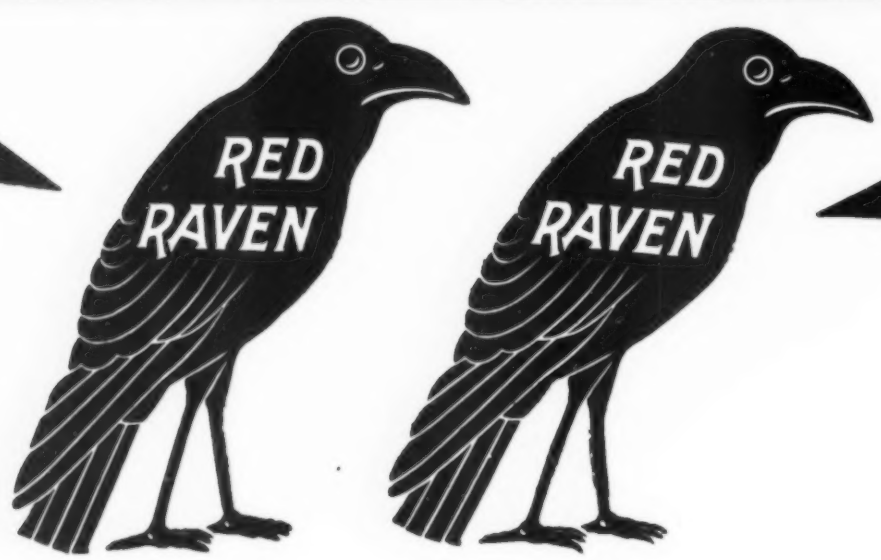
The Effect—

Next morning you feel like the very
old scratch Your liver is on a strike
Your blood is over-heated

The Cure—

Cleanse your system of indigestible junk!
Cool the blood! Take that sparkling aperient
water Red Raven
No sick headache can stand against the
restoring powers of Nature when they are
set to work by Red Raven

everywhere 15c



Judge

CLUB NUMBER

Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 6632 Madison Square.
JOHN A. SLEICHER, President. F. W. Schneider, Secretary. Arthur Terry, Treasurer.
WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—*1136-7 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.*
James M. Lee, Managing Editor. Grant E. Hamilton, Art Editor.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT TEN CENTS A COPY.

PEN POINTS AND CLUB HITS.

THE latest birth announced in clubland is the formation of the club known as "The Junior Monarchs' Club." The charter members are the King of Spain, the King of Portugal, and the Emperor of China. Among the conditions of membership other than that of immediate heirship to a throne is that of age. No persons older than ten will be initiated. The club is said to be one of the most exclusive in the world.

Membership in the Weather Club has greatly decreased during the past month.

. . .

Everybody is invited to join JUDGE'S Alibi Club, details of which are given in another place.

. . .

The motto of the Authors' Club is said to be "The pen is mightier than the sword." Some say the stick is mightier than either.

"There is absolutely nothing on which a conviction in this case could stand before any court in the country."
—*Judge Anderson's charge to the jury in the Standard Oil case at Chicago.*

"The American public not only believes in fair play in the abstract, but, with all the facts before it, it has the capacity to determine whether a defendant, rich or poor, has received a 'square deal.'"—*James A. Moffett, President Standard Oil Co. of Indiana.*

The Prudential

made the

Greatest Gain in Insurance in Force

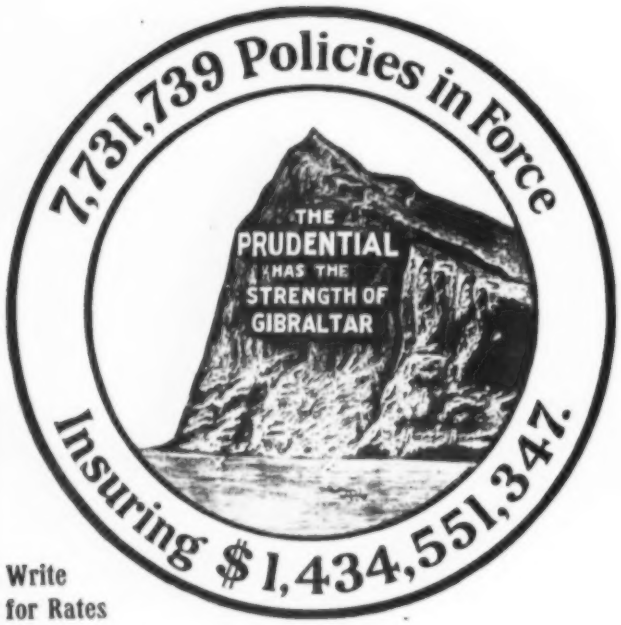
in 1908,

of Any Life Insurance Company in the World!

Giant Strides of a Giant Company:

Gain in Life Insurance in Force, in 1908, over - - - -	97 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders, during 1908, over - - - - -	19 Million Dollars
Dividend Fund to Credit of Participating Policies, Dec. 31, 1908, nearly	15 Million Dollars

Total Payments to Policyholders Since Organization, plus Amount Held at Interest to Their Credit, Over 313 Million Dollars!



OTHER 1908 FEATURES.

Expenses Reduced.

New Monthly Income Policy Inaugurated.

Loaned to Policyholders, on Security of their Policies, to Dec. 31, 1908, over 10 Million Dollars.

Tax Payments in 1908, nearly $1\frac{1}{4}$ Million Dollars.

Write for Rates of New Low Cost Policy. Dept. N

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

THE FAVORITE OF CLUBHOOD DAYS.

When the smoke-wreath castles rise,
Lady fair,
Then we have your laughing eyes,
Lady fair.
And the perfume of your hair,
Sweetest incense, rises there,
Lady fair.

Phantom maiden, fairy queen,
Little Lady Nicotine,
Guardian o'er our clubhood joys,
Sweetheart of all bachelor boys.

DANGER OF THE THIRD RAIL.

CLUBMEN, IT IS FATAL.

TO SYMPATHIZE with a widow.

To protest that you don't believe—when you don't.

To hurry, when you are in a hurry.

To hope too little, when your case is hopeless.

To care, when there is need to.

To gamble, and win.

To love, and be successful.

To live too long.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

TURN ABOUT.

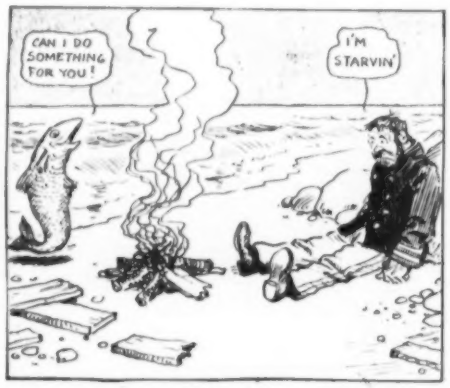
"WHAT!" shouts the patron of the restaurant. "Fifteen dollars for coffee and rolls! It's outrageous. I won't pay it."

"Yes, you will," calmly states the proprietor. "My wife went into your millinery shop yesterday and paid fifty dollars for some wire frame, covered with two feet of lace and an artificial rose. Now you see how it feels, don't you?"

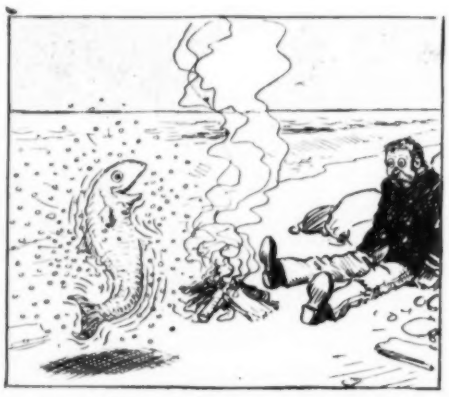
IT'S DIFFICULT at times to account for the bright sayings of some children, after hearing their parents talk.

YARN TOLD BY CAPTAIN FIBB AT THE LIARS' CLUB.

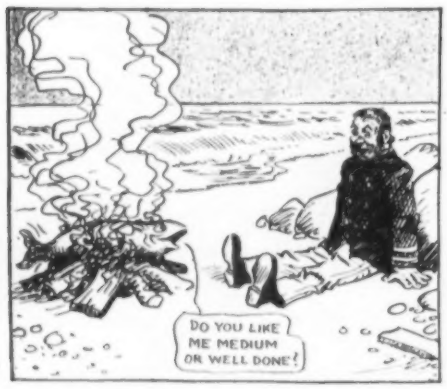
1. "I 'll never fergit the time I wuz starvin' ter death on a barren island in the middle o' the Pacific. I wuz that weak I couldn't raise a finger, and wuz jist ready ter kick the bucket when ——



2. —— a big codfish jumps outer the ocean and flops towards me!——



3. —— It comes right up ter me camp-fire, then it gives itself a mighty shake and shakes all its scales off ——



4. —— and then, astonishin' ter relate, it stirs up the fire, chucks more wood on it, and flops right on ter the red-hot coals!——

5. —— And sizzle me fer a sinner, if it didn't roast itself nice and brown on one side and then flop over and roast itself on the other!——

6. —— And when it wuz done ter a turn it flops off the fire right inter me lap, and all I has ter do is ter take out me knife and fall to fer the juiciest fish I ever tasted in all me gam doodled career!"

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

I'M TIRED of this fuss and this fixin',
These psyche-knots, lacings and curls,
And all of the foolish old tricks in
The making of fashionable girls.

Let the whale wear his own bones—he needs them
Far more so, I'm sure, than do I;
Though they give us the grace of a pipe-stem,
It's out of these tube things I'll pry.

Last year we were off at the elbow,
This year we're slit up to the knee;
For Madame de Style does, you all know,
Determine how much you shall see.

We are pulled long, jerked short, or flattened,
Just to fit the vogues that they make;
And modistes have feasted and battened,
By keeping us one horrid fake.

A man has a right to the shaping
That's meted out to him at birth;
We're this, that or t'other, while aping
The latest dementia of Worth.

MERCIA BARTON TAYLOR.

AFTER THE MOTHERS' MEETING.

"Now, George, you must stop feeding the baby those honey-bees. Mrs. Bluebird at the Mothers' Club yesterday said that sweet things were not good for young birds."

ELECTROCUTED.

"WAITER, has this steak been cooked?"

"Yes, sir; by electricity."

"Well, take it back, and give it another shock."

A "HEARTY" LAUGH.

BIG BANDS AND LITTLE NOISE.

DID YOU ever take notice, while watching a big parade, that a particular brass band of thirty or forty members didn't make more noise than another but smaller one in the same procession? Perhaps you did. But did it occur to you, then, that this larger collection of musicians blew out a volume of tone woefully weak in proportion to the number of men in it? More likely not.

The reason for this disparity of volume is due, in many cases, to the fact that some bandmasters take advantage of these special occasions to pad their bands with dummies. These leaders, however scrupulous and conscientious they may be at other times, accept orders for furnishing more active musicians for the big parades than they can supply. To meet this increased demand, therefore, they split up their original organizations into as many sections as there are bands to be sent out. Then they add whatever floating players they find available, "ring in" the dummies to fill out, and send these padded bands off to the parade.

These dummies, a bandman told the writer, are musicians; but unfortunately, their familiar instruments being the violin, the double bass, the viola, or, perhaps, the bassoon, they cannot utilize these harmony makers in a street band. Nevertheless, these dummies are as well qualified to hold up a cornet, a tuba, an alto, or even a trombone, and blow out their cheeks till they are red in the face, as are the artists on these particular instruments. The essential difference is, of course, that the dummies make no noise. They simply mark time.

Moreover, this deception is rarely penetrated by the listeners in the street, and at the same time, musicians, who otherwise would be idle, draw their pay when the parade is over, and everybody is satisfied.

CHARLES C. MULLIN.

REFLECTIONS OF A CLUB MAN.

A WORD to the wife is sufficient—to start a row.

In marriage he who hesitates is—bossed.

The lover rushes in where the husband fears to tread.

It is a wise débutante who never shows how "wise" she is.

In union there is—divorce.

The way of the transgressor is—to South Dakota.

It is better to have loved and lost—than to have to pay alimony.

When poverty knocks at the door—love goes out to dinner with another man.

A widow and her weeds are soon parted.

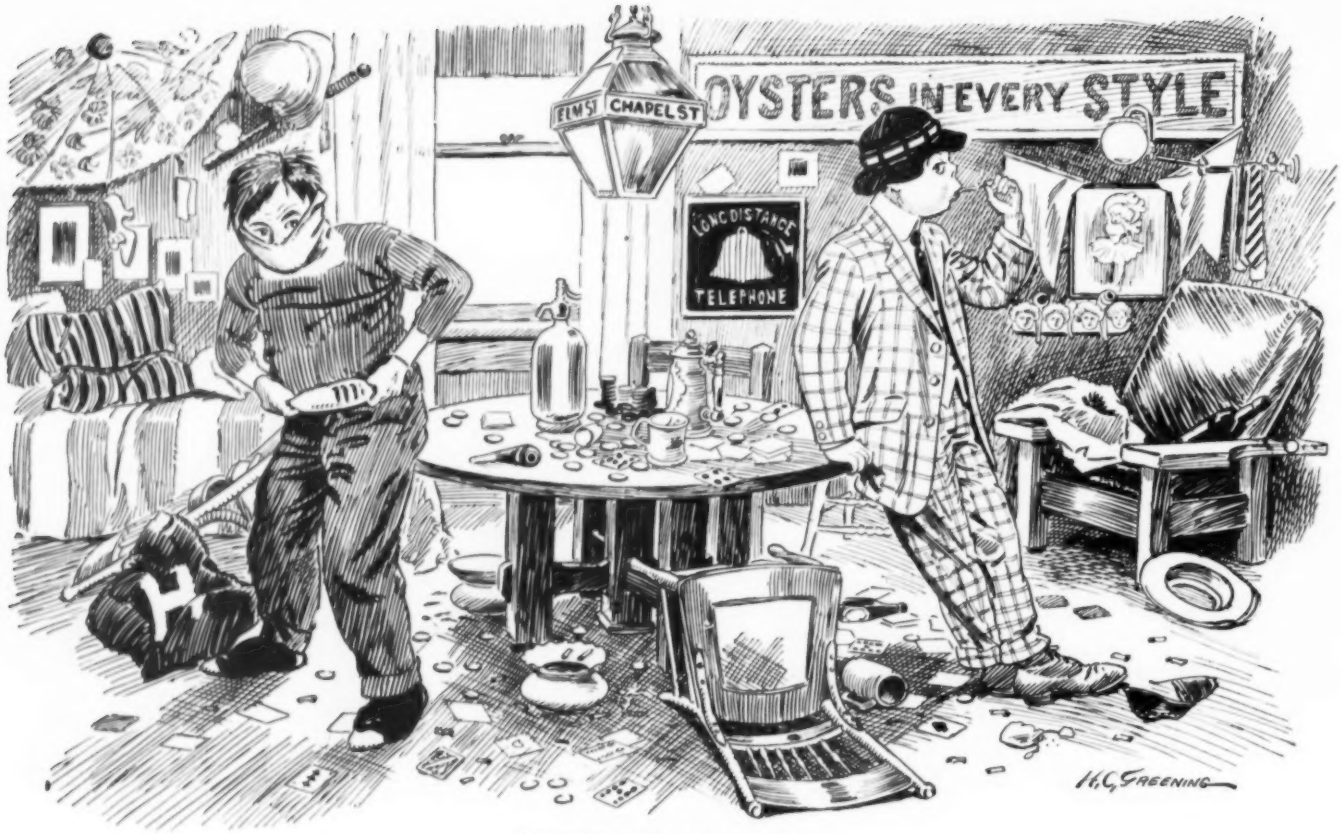
WALTER PULITZER.

AT THE YOUNG LADIES' CLUB.

Maud—"A fellow with a past is always the most interesting kind. Don't you think so?"

Sally—"Well, no. I'm looking for one with a future."

MEAT FOR RACING YACHTSMEN.



AT THE COLLEGE CLUB.

"How did you come out in the game last night at the Pelta Dama Mi Club?"
"Win sixty-seven fifty."
"Say, let me have a 'V' for a couple of days, will you?"
"A 'V'? I was just going to ask you for one. Buck Williams win my last two-spot, the only cash in the game."

THE GENIAL PHILOSOPHER ON CLUBS.

"I HAVE never been able to understand the attitude of the average woman on the subject of men's clubs," said the Genial Philosopher. "One would think that, instead of looking upon them with disfavor and suspicion, women would hail them as one of the most satisfactory aids to the happy life known to mankind.

Take a fellow like old Colonel Soakleigh, for instance. Mrs. Soakleigh regards this club as a sink of iniquity, and never loses an opportunity to tell her neighbors that the Inebriate Asylum is a home of eminent respectability alongside of this eyrie of ours. And yet, what are the real facts? If it were not for this club, Soakleigh would be spending his time at home getting full before the children, sleeping off his last night's potations on the parlor sofa instead of on the floor of the billiard room downstairs, and making an exhibition of himself generally, before the servants. The temper that he vents, between heads, on our club servants would be expended on Mrs. Soakleigh herself, and I venture to say that if the colonel behaved at home as he does here, the Soakleigh mansion would soon be for rent, and the courts would be getting busy on a divorce suit with Mrs. S. as the plaintiff.

There is Gassaway. Mrs. Gassaway told my wife yesterday that if women get their rights and are allowed a voice in politics, the first thing they ought to do should be to pass an act abolishing every male club in existence. And yet, what does this very institution do for her? It takes the most insufferable old bore of a gasbag there is in the world out every evening, to inflict his endless gab on us, instead of letting him stay at home to drive her crazy with his platitudes, his bromides, and his flat, stale, and unprofitable jokes. An institution that is really the safety-valve of her happiness she would have abolished by law, although the service it daily renders her in relieving her from the dizzy-pated conversation of her addle-headed husband cannot be computed in any terms known to human speech. If I were Mrs. Gassaway, instead of crying out for the abolition of clubs, I would get down on my knees every night and thank a kind Providence, who, by permitting the existence of such institutions, has provided women with husbands like hers to escape the miseries of their driveling conversation. And as for Mrs. Flapdoodle, whose article on 'The Pernicity of Club Life,' in the current *Gastropolitan Magazine*, flays us all alive, she ought to be mighty glad that poor old Flapdoodle has a club to go to when, because of her literary activities, there is no dinner to be had at home, and where he can be carefully looked after by a well-trained domestic entourage, while she is either at Albany or Washington trying to get a bill passed permitting women to sequestrate their husbands' trousers, when for any old reason at

(*Continued in advertising section.*)

AT BIRD'S THEATER.

The bald-headed eagles—"My, but isn't she a peach!"

NEW JOB FOR MERCURY.

SAVING PEOPLE OF THE AERONAUT CLUB WHO GET "BEYOND THEIR HEIGHT."

A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR CLUBMEN.

WHY, I declare!" exclaims the trusting wife. "I won't have to buy any new dresses or hats at all this spring!"

"You won't?" asks the crafty husband. "Surely you will need something."

"Not a thing. I've been looking through this month's fashion magazine that you brought home for me, and I find that there isn't the slightest change in style from last spring."

And the crafty husband, inwardly gloating over the success of his scheme to paste a this year's cover on a last year's magazine, leans back in his chair and smokes and smokes and smokes.

RESTING "ASSURED."

A SONG OF FINANCE.

SING a song of finance,
A pocket full of chink.
Four and twenty lambkins
Hover on the brink.

When the market opens,
The lambs begin to bleat.
Come, ye kings of finance,
And share the dainty treat.

HIS GOOD POINT.

"PAPA," says the little boy, "has the devil got a tail?"

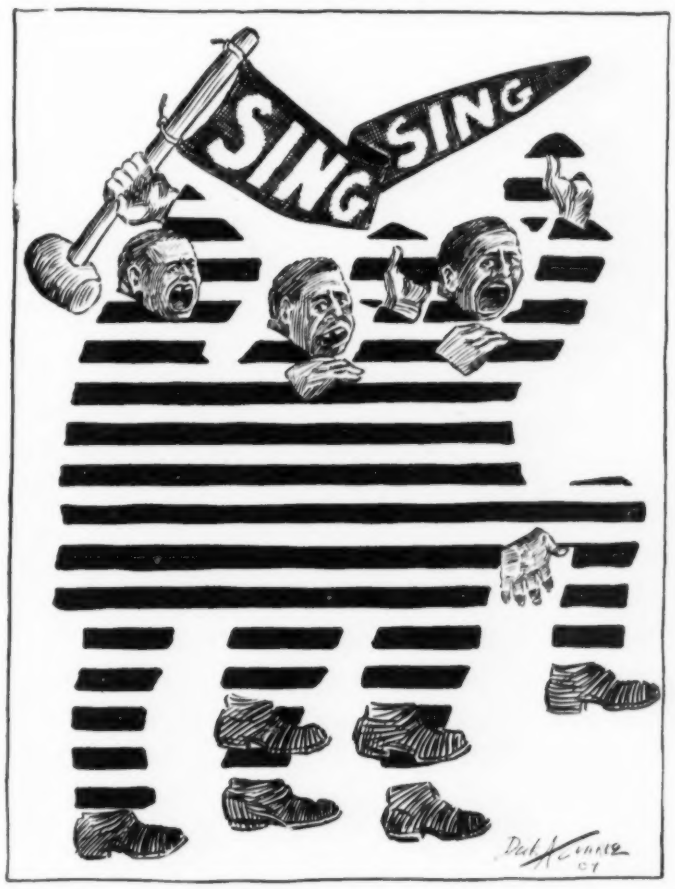
"Some folks say so," answers the father.

"Gee! That must be nice!"

"Nice? And why?"

"Because he can tie it to his little boy's wagon and pull him around."

THE motor-car has come to—slay!



YELL OF THE CONVICTS CLUB AT SING SING
"Ro—Ro—Rocks! Sing Sing!"

A NUMBER OF FOOD LINES.

1. *Mariner* (unavoidably detained on desert island)—"Ah, something white coming in. Heaven grant that it is something in the food line!"

2. *Raving maniac*—"Porterhouse steak, spring lamb and green peas, roast Long Island duckling, potatoes au gratin, coffee, ice-cream, and Camembert cheese—ow! ow!! ow!!!"

AT THE BRIDGE-WHIST CLUB.

(With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.)

I PLAYED on at bridge at midnight,
Though my bank account ran low,
And a warning voice within me
Said I'd better quit and go.

A moment's calm reflection
Might have saved me from such fate,
But the lust of bridge had gripped me,
And, alas, it was too late!

And ever the cards before me
Seemed luring me on to play,
And the currency, gleaming and going,
Seemed to lift and bear me away.

And I bid when I should have bridged it,
And bridged when I might have bid;
And only the god of the foolish
Knows the mad, sad things I did.

And ever the play went wilder,
And the cards still wilder went,
And I, the wildest of any—
For I risked my last red cent.

How often, oh, how often,
In the good old days, long past,
I had played on at bridge at midnight,
And raked in the pile at last!

How often, oh, how often,
I prayed in a tense aside,
I might bear away in my pocket
That pile so deep and wide!

But the game was dead against me,
I'd lost my luck at the play,
And the debts there laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could pay.

With my coin all fallen from me,
I left in the cold, gray dawn,
Deep cursing the bridge at midnight,
And wondering what I could pawn.

STUART DUNLAP.

STILL A QUESTION.

"DID she marry for love?"

"That's what everybody is wondering. Her husband is charming in manner, wealthy, has no bad habits, and moves in the best society."

REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA.

I DON'T see why in Tophet they call Spain by the name of Castile. I never see a Spaniard that used any of it.

I heerd about an actor and an actorine kissin' and makin' up the other day, but, by ginger! I bet a cookie that the actorine made up before they kissed.

That Monroe Doctrine they talk so much about may be all right, but Old Doc Hanks's doctorin' suits most of the folks around these parts.

Hank Peters has got a new automobile, and his wife has joined the Sewin' Circle. Seems kind of tough to have both of 'em runnin' folks down.

A one-armed feller was through here the other day sellin' shoestrings and lead pencils. This burg is gettin' to be almost as metropolitan as New York.

When a laundry does up a feller's handerchief, they do it up so stiff it is like tryin' to wipe your nose on a pane of glass.

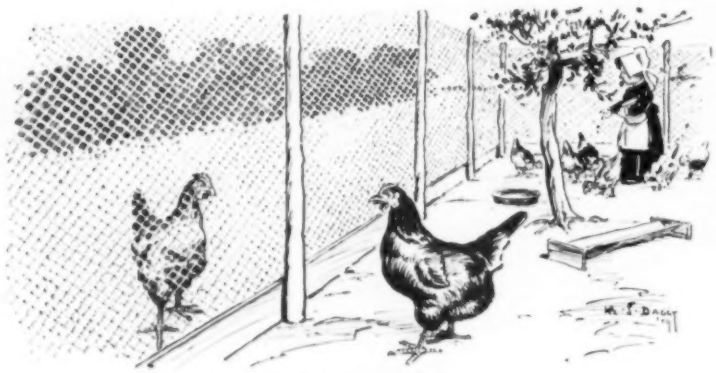
ROY K. MOULTON.

THE BOY AT THE BASIN.

"DURING a test run from Syracuse to Batavia, I occupied a seat in the engine cab," said a prominent New York Central official recently. "It was a pretty fast trip, and a dirty one. Consequently, being swart with coal dust, road dust, and oil when I arrived at Batavia, I hurried to the nearest hotel to wash up.

"Having utilized the basin near the clerk's desk, I was about to turn from the homely towel when I observed the proprietor's little son standing before the basin, carefully dipping something into the soiled water. 'What are you doing, my boy?' I asked.

"'Going to see if this water 'll write!' replied the lad, withdrawing a pen and making off."



THE NEW VERSION.

Outsider—"Come on, fly out and let 's go to the club."
Insider—"Can't; the old woman has clipped my aeroplanes."

SUCCESS SECRETS.

"WHAT is the most essential quality to become a successful actor?"

"To be able to size up the managers who will be able to bring the company home on a train."

PROBLEM OF THE CLUBMAN.

[In the coming summer men will wear suits that in color match their hair.—*Sartorial Review.*]

IN FASHION'S lists, none will deny,
Oh, woman, most divine,
Since Eve one day her apron wrought,
You've tricked out wondrous fine;
And man, without a ghost of show,
Although he did his best,
Has felt himself a conquered lord,
No odds how well he dressed.

But now, if all accounts are true,
The fight's to be more fair,
For man's to wear his covering
In keeping with his hair.
So look well to your laurels, dears,
For each good knight is bold,
And suddenly may take the prize
You do so surely hold.

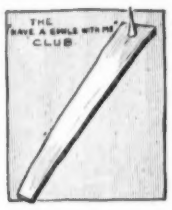
Behold them on their dress-parade—
The black, the blonde the gray,
And those who own the rufous "thatch"—
In glorious array;
The brown, the chestnut, and the dun,
Also the grizzled wight
Decked in their vari-colored togs,
They are a stunning sight!

But, hold!—surely I quite forgot!—
What will his fortune be
Whose hirsute covering, alas!
Is just a memory?
Though he must join this fleeting show,
It puzzles me, I swear,
To know, he having naught to match,
What will the fellow wear?

N. B. RIPLEY.

WHAT THEY CALL THEIR LOVES.

A FIREMAN—a flame.
A milliner—a beau.



A candy-store keeper—my sweet.
A fruit dealer—my peach.
A bird fancier—turtle dove.
A dyer—pink of perfection.
A sportsman—deer.
A florist—my daisy.
An investor—mine.

THE MOTHS AND THE FLAME AT THE CLUB MUSICAL.

LADIES' DAY AT THE CLUB WHEN NEW YORK GOES DRY.

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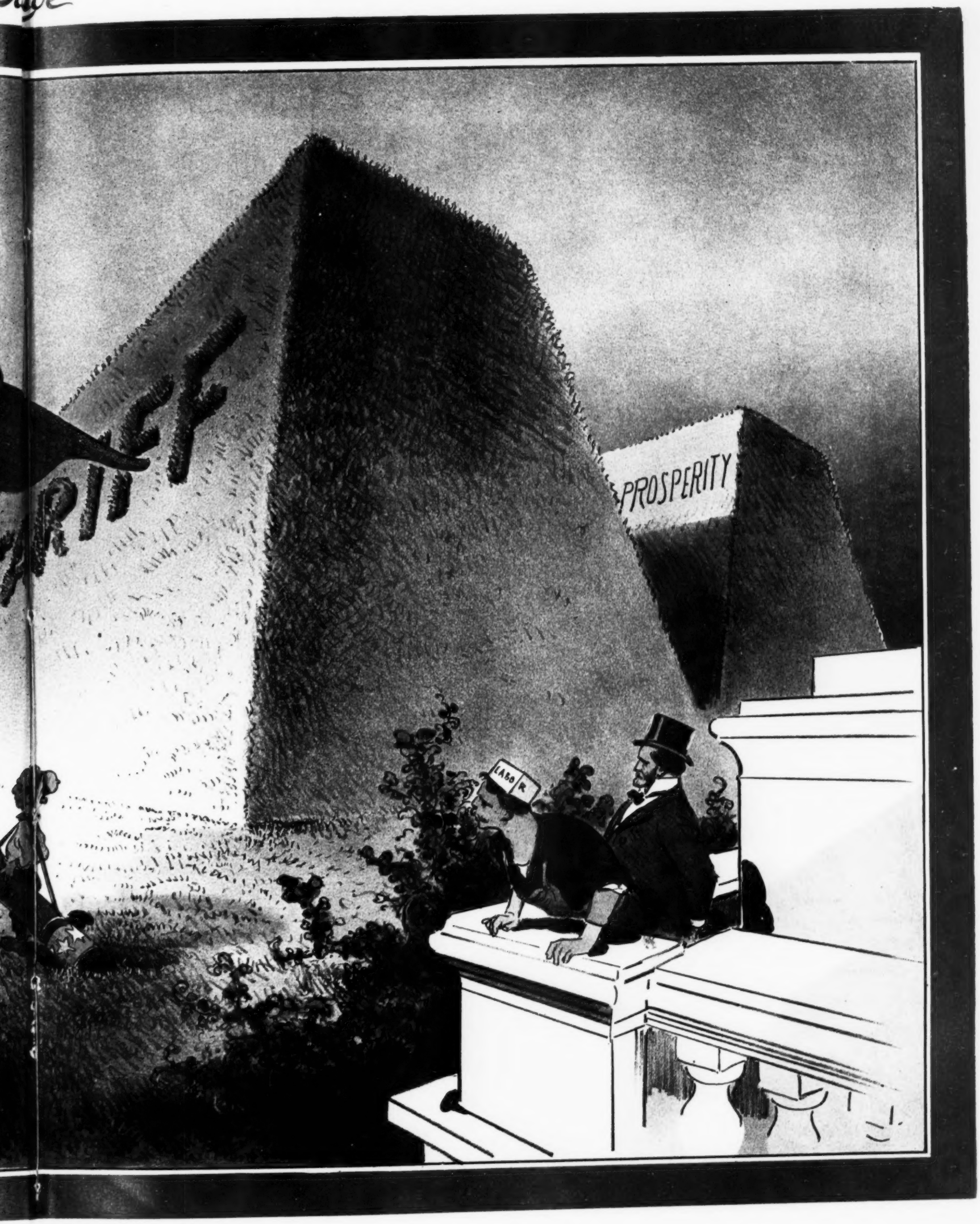
BIG BUN

Uncle Sam—" Hope he don't 'foozl



BUNKERS.

't 'foozle' on the tariff or prosperity!"

ESSAY ON MANUSCRIPTS—READ BEFORE THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

HUMOROUS manuscripts are the written ravings of people who *imagine* they have a call to write. "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" David didn't know, and the magazine editors haven't found out.

Manuscripts are made by defacing sheets of white paper with a pen or typewriter. The disfigurations consist of words, taken at random from the dictionary, and a few assorted punctuation marks distributed "hit and miss"—usually the latter. The words are grouped into phrases and sentences, such as, "She went white to the lips—and a torrent of dry sobs shook—her wealth of spun-gold hair—while the hero ground his teeth in rage—as the whole base plot swam before him—and he shrieked aloud—die! villain, die!—and flecked the ashes from his cigar." If care is thus used in the arrangement of words, they can be made to express the sentiments commonly attributed to an incurable lunatic. This is called artistic handling.

Manuscripts are sometimes paid for on acceptance, but, as a rule, the editor promises to pay on publication, which interesting event may take place any time between week after next and the day before the dawning of the Judgment Morn. W. B. KERR.

THE BRIDGE OF SIZE.

LADIES' DAY AT THE CLUB.

Walking toward the club's pagoda
Comes that stylish girl of mine;
And she wants another soda,
Which, I think, is number nine

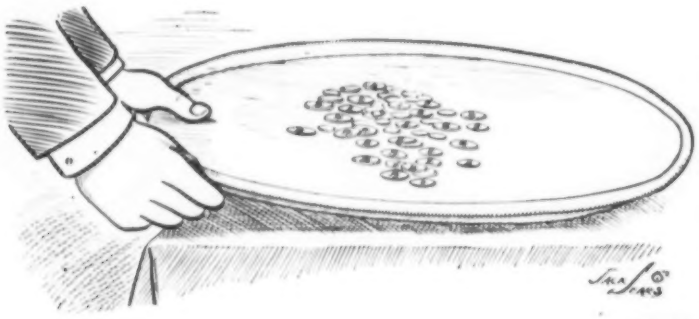
NOT ON THE CLUB MENU.

MY FRIEND said, "Some fried oysters."
I said, "Fried oysters, too."
The waiter looked embarrassed,
And said, "That's something new.
I'll go out to the kitchen
And do my best for you,
But, if I'm not mistaken,
We've no fried oyster stew."

USUALLY.

Teacher—"What is a Laplander?"

Young miss—"An awkward man in a crowded street-car."



This is the way the tray looked when the waiter in our club returned millionaire Binks's change.

This is the way the tray looked when Binks left the table.

MONEY TALKS.

Stories Told at the Club

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

THE TOTAL COST.

Melton C. Weeks, the millionaire quinine manufacturer of the West, in the course of a talk before the Drug Club on the pure-drug law, told a drug story.

"Dear knows!" said Mr. Weeks, "we ought to give the people pure drugs—we charge enough for them. Sometimes I think we drug dealers would get along better if we didn't show ourselves so greedy in our charges. We are too much like a druggist I once knew in Santa Fé.

"A miner rode into town one day, complaining of dyspepsia, consulted a doctor, and took his prescription to my druggist friend to be made up.

"'Well, how much?' asked the miner, when the prescription was finished.

"'Let's see,' said the druggist. 'It's a dollar ten for the medicine and fifteen cents for the bottle. That makes'——

"He hesitated, afraid he might have forgotten something, and the miner said impatiently,

"'Well, hurry up, boss! Put a price on the cork and let us know the worst.'"

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Senator Root, at a club dinner in Albany, praised an Albany lawyer who had recently retired.

"He has retired very young," a member said. "It's a characteristic of you lawyers. Why do you all retire so young?"

"We want to avoid all risk," said Mr. Root, "of dying lawyers."

TWO SQUABBLES.

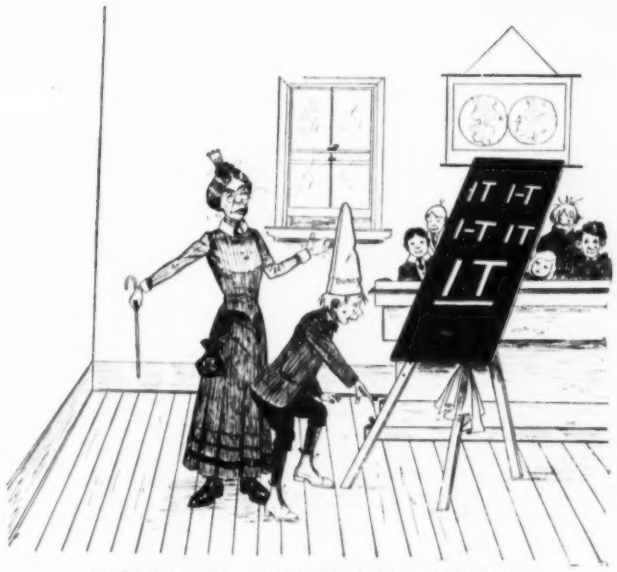
Senator Depew was discussing a recent quarrel among financiers.

"Those men threw a good deal of mud at each other," he said, smiling, "and most of it stuck. It was an interesting squabble. It reminded me of an incident in a Southern jail.

"There were two prisoners in this jail. One was in for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. Exercising in the courtyard one morning, the first prisoner said tauntingly to the other,

"'What time is it?'

"'Milking time,' was the retort."



IMPRESSING "IT" ON HIS MEMORY!

The routine use of

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

and the emergency use of Packer's Cutaneous Charm (a healing, soothing lotion), offer the most satisfactory and reliable means for protecting the skin against

"Winter Chaps"

The Packer Mfg. Co.
New York

LESS MEAT

ADVICE OF FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Formerly people thought meat necessary for strength and muscular vigor.

The man who worked hard was supposed to require meat two or three times a day. Science has found out differently.

It is now a common thing for the family physician to order less meat, as in the following letter from a New York man:

"I had suffered for years with dyspepsia and nervousness. My physician advised me to eat less meat and greasy foods, generally. I tried several things to take the place of my usual breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, etc., but got no relief until I tried Grape-Nuts food.

"After using Grape-Nuts for the cereal part of my meals for two years, I am now a well man. Grape-Nuts benefited my health far more than the $500 worth of medicine I had taken before.

"My wife and children are healthier than they had been for years, and we are a very happy family, largely due to Grape-Nuts.

"We have been so much benefited by Grape-Nuts that it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

PAYING POLITENESS.

"Politeness," said Senator Gallinger, in the hope of stilling a rather acrimonious argument in a club-room, "always pays."

His flushed listeners looked up at him in inquiry, and he smiled and repeated, "Politeness always pays. Two little girls I knew were seated before a plate containing two bunches of grapes—one a very large and tempting and perfect bunch, and the other small and hard and green. The two little girls looked at the two bunches for a space of silence. Then the polite child said,

"'Is oo gweedy?'

"'No,' the other answered; 'I's not a bit gweedy.'

"'Then,' said the first, 'oo choose.'"

THE ATTRACTIVE TITLE.

At a club dinner in New York Charles M. Schwab denied the assertion, so often heard abroad, that American men were at a discount in the marriage market.

"While it is true," said Mr. Schwab, "that many of our heiresses marry foreigners, they don't marry them as men, they marry them as titles.

"Once, in Monte Carlo, a lady said to me,

"'It's a pity Sallie Bangs, the Oshkosh heiress, doesn't find out the true character of that wicked Prince Champignon she's gone and got engaged to. Sallie used to read a man like a book.'

"'Maybe,' said I, 'she's satisfied in this case to read only the title.'"

A SWINISH ERROR.

"In my scrap-book," said Clyde Fitch, at the Players' Club, "I have many examples of typographical errors.

"Of all these errors, I like best the one wherein a tea given by a society woman was called a 'swill affair.'"

Evans' Ale

THERE you will find the source and attainment of Ale perfection—the golden product of the glorious hop-fields—the culmination of Ale goodness. A happy, joyful beverage, promoting vim, vigor and vitality.

In splits as well as regular size bottles.
Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants and Dealers Everywhere.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, - - - HUDSON, N. Y.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN
ADD $50
TO YOUR WEEKLY INCOME
The Great Demand for
Aromatic Toothpicks
Cinnamon, Peppermint and Sassafras Flavors
Offers a Fine Chance for Agents and Salesmen. Write for Particulars.
GARRETT THOMAS CO.
1610 W. SUSQUEHANNA AVE.
Send 15 cents. Be popular, have your name on toothpicks and be in everybody's mouth. We will send an hermetically sealed box.
Frank H. Garrett, 1610 W. Susquehanna Ave., Phila., Pa.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
PHILIP MORRIS
ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES
All good people like them. Nearly all good people smoke them
In Little Brown Boxes
CAMBRIDGE *the regular size*
AMBASSADOR *after-dinner size*

THE KIND SHE GOT.

T. Wade Bore—"Time is money."

She—"And you're so generous."—*Yale Record.*

MT. CLEMENS, MICH.
MINERAL SPRINGS
Open All the Year Round
Two hundred bathhouses, hotels and boarding houses offer accommodations and rates to suit all tastes and purses.
Mt. Clemens Mineral Water Baths Are Unrivaled for the Treatment of
Rheumatism and All Nervous and Blood Diseases
Mt. Clemens is delightfully situated 20 miles from Detroit. Through trains from the East and West via the Grand Trunk Railway System. Detroit suburban electric cars every half hour. Illustrated book of Mt. Clemens mailed free. Address
F. R. EASTMAN, Sec'y, Chamber of Commerce, Mt. Clemens, Mich., or apply American Hotel and Resort Bureau, 1122 Broadway.

JACOB RUPPERT'S KNICKERBOCKER BEER

BREWERY BOTTLING AN ADDITIONAL GUARANTEE OF PURITY.

It may justly be said that the most modern and best-equipped beer-bottling establishment in the East is that of Jacob Ruppert, of New York City.

Regarding the beer brewed by him, of America's choicest materials, excepting the hops, which are "Bohemians" of the rarest quality, we may truthfully join Shakespeare when he says, "Choicest product of the brewer's art."

The beer is stored and aged in glass-enameled steel tanks of tremendous dimensions, the construction of which admits of the most scrupulous cleanliness. The due time of storage having passed, the beer is conducted to the government tanks in the bottling department through copper pipes, never exposing it to the air, thereby preventing any possibility of infection. From these tanks it flows by means of filtered air pressure direct into the latest style bottle-filler, being filled into the bottles under counter air pressure. After this process the bottles are crowned and then subjected to a thorough pasteurization which, as is generally known, consists of a hot-water bath, whereby at a certain temperature the beer is rendered absolutely sterile.

This process, together with the utmost cleanliness attainable, is the main factor which is the cause of the unlimited keeping quality of Jacob Ruppert's bottle beer.

Another factor to insure a pure product is a careful "candling," i. e., examination with electric light of each and every bottle before and after filling.

In fact, the utmost attention is given to every feature required from a sanitary point of view. The most approved methods that experience and science have taught the brewer and bottler are here applied and also realized in the result of a very high-grade article appreciated by the connoisseur.

A Club Cocktail

is always a better cocktail than any made-by-guesswork drink can ever be. CLUB COCKTAILS are *mixed-to-measure*, delicious, fragrant, appetizing and always ready to serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular.

Get a bottle from your dealer.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
HARTFORD New York London

JUDGE'S ALIBI CLUB.

SIMPLY non-resident, corresponding members desired.

Prospective members must be married and more or less henpecked.

Main club-house, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Regular meetings will be held at irregular intervals on indefinite dates.

Members meet together only in spirit; a full realization of a thorough community of soul is all that is expected of you.

Any individual member, wherever he may be, may call a regular meeting and need wait for no concerted action on the part of other members. The fact of his having called a meeting is sufficient action to bring it about.

The idea of this club is co-operative. Any member desiring an evening away from home, and lacking an excuse therefor, may call a regular meeting of this organization, and, such meeting having been called, he is thereupon under sworn obligation to leave home and attend it. It is the duty of every fellow-member to bear testimony to the fact that such a meeting was called, and was held in proper form, in case there be any need of his testimony to bear out the statement of his corresponding associate. The Alibi Club is a secret organization, and every member may truthfully tell his wife that he would gladly state the order of exercises if it were not that he is under oath not to do so. Who knows but what we may possess a small club-room in every town, with private-wire connections to headquarters at the Brunswick Building? Meetings may be possessed of unusual interest, and the order of exercises includes the listening to literary readings, musical programs, serious lectures, and the like. Any member may insinuate that this is the case, but he is not at liberty to state the fact absolutely.

Certificates of membership and dainty badges representing small pitchers of ice-water may be had on application, if accompanied by a large enough membership fee.

Any one desiring to join, however, must send sufficient evidence, attested by the sworn evidence of neighbors, that he does not enjoy a sufficient number of nights out.

We shall be glad to see the club grow and become a success. We are planning to set a limit of membership, and shall do so as soon as we have learned the exact male-married population of the United States.

BURGES JOHNSON.

A GOOD THING TO PART WITH.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

Johnny (to new visitor)—"So you are my grandma, are you?"

Grandmother—"Yes, Johnny! I'm your grandma on your father's side."

Johnny—"Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll find that out!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

ESTABLISHED 1810

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

A STRAIGHT WHISKEY, MADE TODAY THE SAME AS IT WAS IN 1810—ALMOST A CENTURY AGO.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburg, Pa.

This good old Whiskey is fine for you

Any doctor will tell you that GOOD whiskey is mighty healthful. If you have conscientious scruples against ANY whiskey, don't read any further, but if you believe—with the big majority—that whiskey has its place, you can find out here just how to be sure of getting the kind that's BEST.

There are two kinds of whiskey, remember.

One kind is made to suit the man who has the whiskey *habit*.

Old James E. Pepper is made to satisfy men like you, who drink whiskey in moderation and *know* that it's good for them.

Just one taste will convince you that no other such whiskey is distilled anywhere in this country.

Old James E. Pepper Whiskey

Protection!

Please don't be deceived by imitators. If you really *want* Old James E. Pepper, we trust to your discriminating judgment to see that you get it. For you cheat yourself—and you cheat us—if you take something else.

By case, bottle or drink, always ask for Old James E. Pepper and remember the words James E.

And—This is Just Why

We have been distilling Old James E. Pepper Whiskey for over 128 years.

Your great grandfather knew of it and of its goodness. In all these years we have learned to make whiskey such as no other human being *can* make.

It's seven years old—and bottled in bond under government supervision.

And—it's uniform—always.

Offer to You

If you live in a section where liquor is not sold, or if, after inquiring at the best dealer in your town, you cannot be supplied *write* us. The prices are

1 full gallon bottled in bond—two half gallon bottles or 4 full quarts 7 years old—charges prepaid—in plain package for $5.00
or
12 full quart bottles 7 years old bottled in bond, charges prepaid in plain package for 15.00

We guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery. Address The James E. Pepper Distilling Co., 109 Franklin Pike, Lexington, Ky., or 609 Rector Bldg., Chicago, or 110 Water St., New York City. Address the office nearest you.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

Budweiser

The Beer for the Home
the Hotel, Club & Cafe

Served Everywhere

Bottled Only at the

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY

St. Louis, U. S. A.

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

GREEN AND YELLOW

GREEN AND YELLOW

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Peres Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Batger & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Sole Agents for United States.

HIGHLAND

Pure

RYE

"East or West
It Is the Best"

BOTTLED IN BOND

Seven Years Old

Age, Proof, Quantity Guaranteed by U. S. Government

Quality Guaranteed by
FREIBERG & WORKUM
Distillers
216-220 E. Front Street
CINCINNATI, O.

BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

We have trained hundreds of men who had no former experience as salesmen and who formerly earned from $25 to $75 per month to be Traveling Salesmen and assisted them to secure positions on the road when they have since earned from $100 to $500 per month and expenses. We will do the same for you. Our Course in **Practical Salesmanship** is endorsed by Salesmanagers of leading firms everywhere. We maintain the largest **Free Employment Bureau** in the world with offices in five cities, and receive hundreds of calls for Salesmen. Our graduates earn **big money** for they **get results.** If you want to increase your earnings and enter the most pleasant, best paid profession on earth our **Free Book** "*A Knight of the Grip*" will show you how. Write nearest office for it today.

Dept. 187 NATIONAL SALESMAN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION, New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

CAP AND GOWN SMILES

AN EMENDATION OF WORDSWORTH.

"I gazed and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought."

For oft when on my couch I lie
In solemn or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my brain with rapture whirls
And dances with the chorus girls.
—*Yale Record.*

GOING SOME TO FIND IT.

"A mighty clever pickpocket was arrested yesterday."

"What makes you think he was clever?"

"He was arrested for picking a woman's pocket."—*Cornell Widow.*

BALLADE OF YE TURKISH BATH.

There was a little college chap,
Who thought he was immense;
He drank three beers
And yapped three cheers,
And then he wobbled hence!
—*University of Pa. Punch Bowl.*

A COLLEGE EDUCATION

"Poor eyesight compelled him to leave college."

"Too bad, eh?"

"But he is now working for the Princeton Heat and Light Company."

"What doing?"

"Reading meters."—*Princeton Tiger.*

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

Officious offspring—"Pop, may I ask just one more question?"

Patient pater—"Yes, my son. Just one more."

Officious offspring—"Well, then, pop, how is it that the night falls, but it's the day that breaks?"—*Yale Record.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

A GOOD REASON.

Griggs—"Did you ever know that a milkman never drinks?"

Higgs—"Why not?"

Griggs—"Because he's always on the water wagon."—*Princeton Tiger.*

DOMESTIC BASEBALL.

Auntie—"Where's your mamma?"

Willie—"She's having an outing."

Auntie—"And papa?"

Willie—"He's having an inning."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A FAUX PAS.

He thought he'd propose at his ease,
So devotedly fell on his knees;
But I think that he quenched her
Love when he drenched her,
For just then he happened to sneeze!
—*Cornell Widow.*

IN NEW YORK.

Hotel clerk—"Do you want a room with a bath?"

Uncle Hiram—"Wa-al, no-o; I don't calcalate I'll be here Saturday night."—*Princeton Tiger.*

VACATION DAYS.

"You say Grinder worked last summer just for fun?"

"Oh, no; just for funds!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

HOW CARELESS.

"What are you so peevish about?"

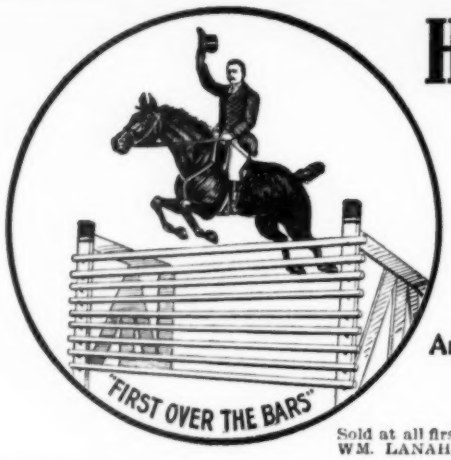
"A girl wearing a sheath gown passed a minute ago, and I was on the wrong side."—*Cornell Widow.*

CUSTOMARY.

"How did Binks celebrate his purchase of a new auto?"

"Why, he had a big blow-out."—*Yale Record.*

"My business," said the alarm clock, "is to cause men to rise in this world."—*Harvard Lampoon.*



HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

TESTED BY TIME AND STILL THE FAVORITE THE PUREST TYPE OF

THE
American Gentleman's Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

GEORGE LOEWER, President — HENRY D. MULLER, Secretary — JACOB LOEWER, Treasurer

ESTABLISHED 1879

V. LOEWER'S GAMBRINUS BREWERY CO.

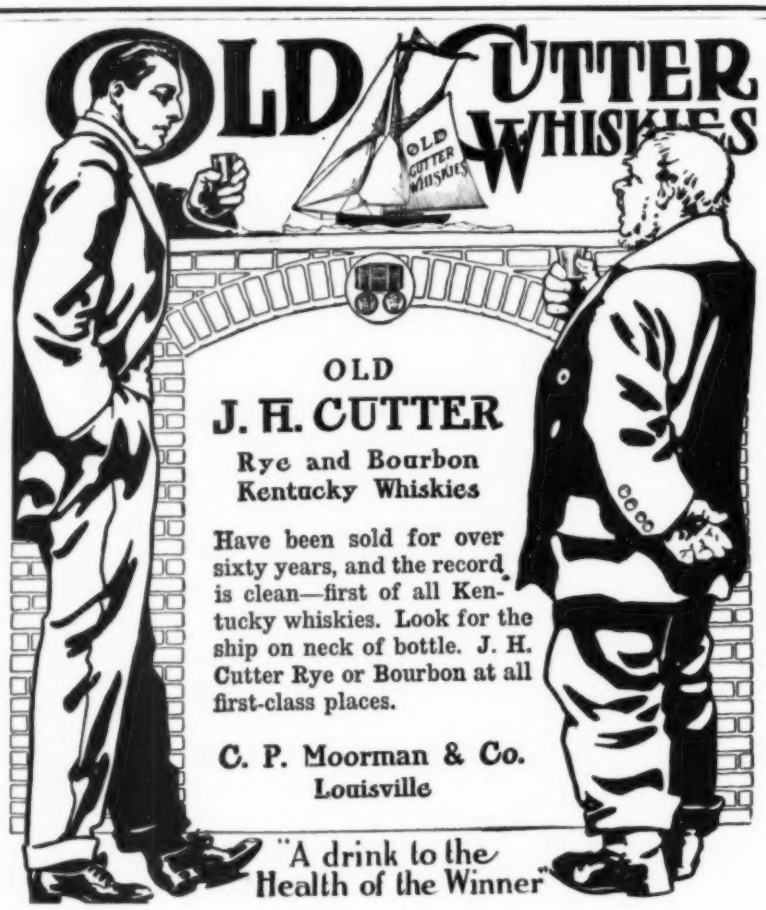
V. LOEWER'S GAMBRINUS BREWERY CO.
REGISTERED

LAGER BEER, ALES and PORTER

41st to 42nd Streets (Between 10th and 11th Avenues)

Office: 528 West 42nd Street
Telephones 87 and 88 Bryant

NEW YORK



"J. H. CUTTER" Whiskies for sale by leading dealers everywhere. Sold over the bar by principal Clubs and Hotels of the United States.

E. LaMONTAGNES' SONS
Distributors
New York City

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD
Distributors
San Francisco, Calif.

Don't Wear a Truss

After Thirty Years Experience I Have Made a New Discovery for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

Costs You Nothing To Try It.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you, free, my book on Rupture and its cure, showing my new discovery and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my discovery or not.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. Brooks, 9997 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me, by mail in plain wrapper, full information of your new discovery for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

A PSALM OF WIFE.

Wives of some men all remind us
Married life may be sublime,
But the heirs we leave behind us
Would inherit scarce a dime.
—*University of Texas Coyote.*

JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
WHISKEY

For Sale Everywhere
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.,
Sole Agents, New York

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you may want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 West 26th Street, New York.

Relieves CATARRH of the BLADDER and all Discharges in 24 HOURS

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

Each capsule bears the name MIDY

Beware of counterfeits.

Sold by all druggists.

THE GENIAL PHILOSOPHER ON CLUBS.

(*Continued from text section.*)

all they wish to keep them at home. The club, for a woman like Mrs. Flapdoodle, fulfills the function of a Husband Safe Deposit Company. When she is off stumping the State for the suffragettes, she knows just as well where her husband is as she would if she had checked him in some convenient cloak-room, or stowed him away in a safe-deposit vault, which she wouldn't know if we had no club. Without the Hyperion to pass his evenings in, you'd probably find old Flapsy in the front row of 'The Girl with the Golden Thirst,' or some other chaste comic opera of the day, up to eleven o'clock, and the Lord only knows where afterward, provided he could heliograph an invitation to supper to a chorus girl, with his bald head.

"No, sir; nobody can understand women's objections to clubs, and as for myself, I don't often try, and when I do, it drives me to drink. Before we change the subject, what will you have? Three dry martinis in a tall glass will do for mine." JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Shear Humor

IN A STRANGE LAND.

Two belated disciples of Bacchus staggered arm in arm up Walnut Street about three o'clock the other morning. The street was dark except for a single ground-glass globe that blazed in front of an apartment house. One of the inebriates, spying this lone light, observed,

"Oh, look at zhe moonsh!"

The other seriously contradicted him, saying,

"That ain't no moonsh; zash sun."

This started an argument, which lasted for several minutes, as to whether the globe was the moon or the sun. Finally they decided to leave it to the first passer-by, who happened to be another "happy" gentleman. They stopped him, and pointing to the globe, asked,

"Settle an argument, old pal; is that the moon or the sun?"

The third party stared knowingly at the globe for several minutes before he shook his head and replied,

"Gentlemen, I really couldn't tell you. I'm a stranger in this town."—*Philadelphia Record.*

FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.

The old gentleman, who was always declaring that boys were not what they used to be, stopped in front of the smart child.

"Well, Tommy," greeted the old gentleman, "how are you to-day?"

"Very well, sir," responded the smart child shyly.

"Ard do you ever think what you are going to do when you are a great big man?"

"N-no, sir."

"Ah, I knew it. Children are so shiftless these times. And why don't you give it any thought?"

"B-because I am a little girl, sir."

And the last seen of the inquisitive old gentleman, he was making long strides down the avenue.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co.

Its Fame for PURITY QUALITY and MERIT has been unrivalled for 67 years

Bottled at the Brewery

For Hotels, Restaurants and Family Trade
Supplied by Leading Dealers and Grocers

Park Ave., 50th to 51st Sts., New York

Explorer (relating tiger story)—"There was the great beast right in front of me. I was unarmed, and it was clearly necessary to terrify him into submission. What did I do? I"—*Excited listener* (who has heard about the power of the human eye)—"I know. You—you l-l-looked at him!"—*Punch.*

Genuine merit alone has made it a favorite. Thirty-five years on the market and its purity never questioned.

OLD FORESTER WHISKY

SOLD BY OUR DISTRIBUTORS

4 Full Quarts, $6.00. - - Express Prepaid

ESTABLISHED 1874

BROWN-FORMAN CO., Distillers, Louisville, Ky.

Put On Flesh A Pound A Day

Remarkable Builder of Flesh, Protone, Produces Astonishing Results On Thin Men and Women.

Prove It By Sending Coupon Below Today For 50c Package, Free.

We want every man and woman who is run down, or who wants to put on more flesh, no matter how much or how little, to prove the remarkable effects of the new flesh-builder and nerve strengthener, Protone. Nothing like it has ever been produced before. It will cost you nothing to try it and prove its remarkable effects on yourself.

A PROTONE FIGURE.

Protone induces nutrition, increases cell-growth, makes perfect the assimilation of food, strengthens nerves, increases blood corpuscles, builds up, safely and quickly, muscles and solid, healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

For women who never appear stylish in anything because of thinness Protone may prove a revelation.

It costs you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of Protone. It is non-injurious to the most delicate system. The Protone Company, 1215 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich., will send you on receipt of your name and address, a free 50c. package of Protone, with full instructions, to prove that it does the work; also their book on "Why You Are Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. Send coupon below today with your name and address.

FREE PROTONE COUPON.

The Protone Company, 1215 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

I want to put on more flesh, so please send me a free 50c package of your remarkable Protone, all charges prepaid; also your free book telling me why I am thin. As evidence of good faith, I enclose 10c to help pay postage and packing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Hundreds of Thousands

of Canadians think Gooderham & Worts "Special" is the best Whisky made. Millions in the United States have not even tried it. United States stock carried in the warehouses of Messrs. Wakem & McLaughlin, Chicago, Illinois.

Reflected Humor

MARCH DAYS.

Hail and drizzle,
  Snow and sleet,
Gray above you,
  Slush 'neath feet;
Sharp winds blowing,
  Hats a-roll,
Everybody
  Paying toll.

Coughs and sneezes
  Everywhere,
Doctors busy,
  Desk chairs bare;
Influenza,
  City boss,
Men all swearing,
  Women cross.

Disagreeable,
  Rough, and raw,
Like a bear with
  A sore paw;
Blustering, growling
  All the while—
March, you groucher,
  Can you smile?

—*Baltimore American.*

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

"Roosevelt ought to get an actor to accompany him to Africa and write his stories."

"Why?"

"I've seen actors write eight-page letters in three seconds."—*Houston Post.*

EVEN IN THOSE DAYS.

The children stood in awe before one of the British Museum mummies. At last the elder whispered to her father, "Why is the old woman wrapped up in bandages? Did she die of an accident?"

Before he could reply the younger girl said, "Oh, yes! She must have been run over by a motor-car. There's the number—'B. C. 1461.'"

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

LENTEN SACRIFICES.

Father's gave up billiards
  (Since he lamed his wrist),
Sister's gave up dancing,
  Mother's gave up whist.
Folks with no bad habits
  Still may have some hope.
They can get in line like me—
  I have gave up soap.

—*Circle.*

SECRET LOST.

Marryat—"So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost"——

Newitt—"Not at all. He told it to his wife before he died."

Marryat—"Yes, that's just what I mean."—*Catholic Times.*

A PAYING JOB.

"Do you find poultry-keeping pays?"

"Well, no; I can't say that it pays me, but I think that it pays my boy Jim."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, I bought him the fowls. I have to pay for their keep and buy the eggs from him, and he eats them."—*Illustrated Bits.*

GOOD REASONS.

"Hear that hen of mine cackling? She just laid an egg," said the first woman.

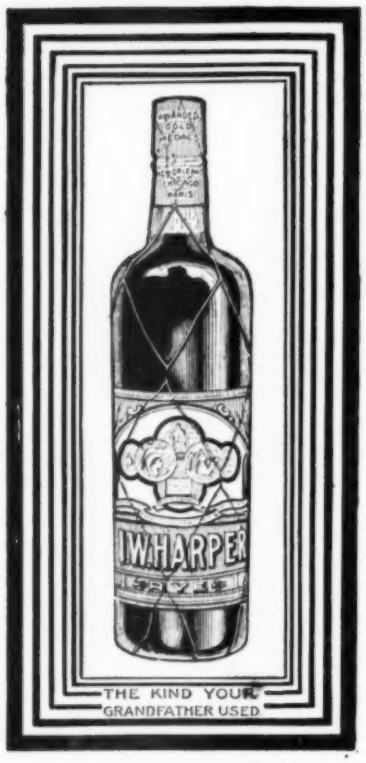
"Hear that husband of mine cackling? He's just laid a carpet!" said the other."

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Grape fruit is made still more appetizing by a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters. Try it at to-morrow's breakfast.

The evils of tight lacing,
  Why should they raise a storm?
For wearing stays, nowadays,
  Is only a matter of form.

—*Yale Record.*



At Club or Cafe
When you order

HARPER
Rye

You have the eye!

That's the rare old fruity goods.

As uniform as peaches on the tree.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE

LOFTIS SYSTEM
DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. Send for our beautiful descriptive catalog. Whatever you select therefrom we send on approval. If you like it, pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 equal monthly payments. As a good investment nothing is safer than a Diamond. It increases in value 10 to 20% annually. Catalogue free. Write today. *Do it now.*

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE. Dept. C-40, 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.

—for the connoisseur we suggest

Pop Corn Whisky

For forty years a favorite—Pop Corn Whisky is the same today as forty years ago—just as honest—just as pure.

The acknowledged peer of all whiskies by those who know.

At all first-class clubs, cafes, hotels and bars

Controlled by
The Frank G. Tullidge Company
Cincinnati Ohio
Dealers in fine Whiskies, Brandies and Gins

To Club Members Only—

A Special Offer

An old secret process for the blending of choice grains gives to Medallion Whiskey distinctive mellowness, fragrance and palatability. Its use by the Government in the U. S. Hospitals proves its quality, but its flavor is so peculiarly delicate, so agreeably different from that of the average good whiskey, that you have to *try* it and compare it with your favorite brand to *appreciate* it.

We are therefore making arrangements to place a glass in the hands of every member of a club where not now carried. Write us direct giving the name of your club and club steward. We will immediately send you full details of our plan whereby you can try

Medallion Whiskey

at your club at our expense. Address your letter to

Dept. G of The Old 76 Distilling Co. Newport, Ky.

Shear Wit

AN OFFICE-BOY WITH A SALARY OF $10,000.

A certain prominent lawyer of Toronto is in the habit of lecturing his office staff from the junior partner down, and Tommy, the office-boy, comes in for his full share of the admonition. That his words were appreciated was made evident to the lawyer by a conversation between Tommy and another office-boy on the same floor, which he recently overheard.

"Wotcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," replied Tommy.

"Aw, gwan!"

"Sure," insisted Tommy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash an' de rest in legal advice."—*The Independent.*

THE NINETY AND NINE.

A certain minister was deeply impressed by an address before a ministerial club on the evils of smoking. He rose from his seat, went over to a fellow minister, and said,

"Brother, this morning I received a present of one hundred good cigars. I have smoked one of them, but now I'm going home and burn the remainder."

The other minister arose and said it was his intention to accompany his reverend brother.

"I mean to rescue the ninety and nine," he added.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE POPULAR CLUB JUST NOW.

IN DRYEST KANSAS.

"I went into a drug store," said a sad-eyed man, "to get liniment for my rheumatism. I asked for liniment, and never winked, but when I got home I found the druggist had given me whiskey. My wife then went and asked for liniment for me, and when she got home we found they had also given her whiskey. Then I sent my prattling, innocent child of six for medicine for her sick father, and the druggist wrapped up whiskey. Is it impossible to get anything in the drug-stores of this town but whiskey?"—*Kansas City Star.*

There is no more popular and healthful breakfast diet than grape fruit after a dash of Abbott's Bitters has been added.

SEX QUESTION.

Benham—"The paper tells of a woman whose dress was made of postage stamps."

Mrs. Benham—"I thought postage stamps were used only on mail matter."—*New York Herald.*

NEEDED TO BE HOT.

"Doctor, this office is as hot as an oven."

"Yes? Well, you know, this is where I make my bread."—*University of Texas Coyote.*

THE COMING CLUB.

CLUBMEN

STAMP

GOLD SEAL

America's Favorite Champagne

WITH THE

SEAL OF APPROVAL

Made by the French process from the richest and most mellow grapes grown on the vine-clad hills that surround Lake Keuka in Central New York, where the Urbana Wine Company's vineyards have been located since 1865, GOLD SEAL CHAMPAGNE is invariably selected by those who know, and who hold it is equal to the best imported.

Two Kinds—SPECIAL DRY—BRUT

Sold by all leading grocers and wine merchants

Served at clubs, hotels, restaurants, banquets, and wherever a good wine is served.

URBANA WINE COMPANY
Urbana, N. Y., Sole Maker

OBEYING THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

PAT WAS sick. A physician who had had scarcely any sleep for two days was summoned. He said the patient was suffering from pneumonia. Sitting down in a chair beside the sick man, he bent his ear to his chest to hear the respiration, calling upon Pat to count.

The doctor was so fatigued that when the patient had counted up to ten he went to sleep, with his ear on the sick man's chest. Awakening, he heard Pat still counting: "Tin thousand an' sivinty-six, tin thousand an' sivinty-sivin."—*London Opinion.*

Do you doubt the excellence of the Edison Phonograph? Then hear it. Go to an Edison store; select the Record of a singer you have heard and a song you know. This test has placed the Edison Phonograph in a million homes.

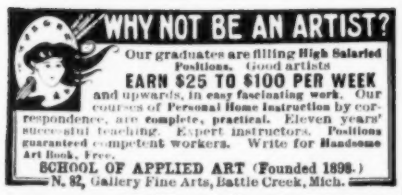
Ask particularly to hear an Amberol Record, Mr. Edison's latest contribution to Phonographic entertainment; a Record that preserves the sweet, clear tones of the Standard Edison Records, yet plays or sings twice as long and costs but a trifle more.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States, $12.50 to $125.00. Amberol Records, 50c.; regular Edison Records, 35c.; Grand Opera Records, 75c.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

National Phonograph Co. **41 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.**

Thomas A. Edison



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Our graduates are filling High Salaried Positions. Good artists

EARN $25 TO $100 PER WEEK

and upwards, in easy fascinating work. Our courses of Personal Home Instruction by correspondence, are complete, practical. Eleven years' successful teaching. Expert instructors. Positions guaranteed competent workers. Write for Handsome Art Book, Free.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1898.)
N. 82, Gallery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Mich.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

How He Got Rid Of Consumption

Remarkable Rescue of Prominent Indiana Man. A Matter of Life-and-Death Interest To All Throat and Lung Sufferers.

For Benefit of JUDGE Readers, He Tells How He Cured Himself at Home—Costs Nothing To Try.

"I think I owe it to all sufferers of lung and throat trouble and consumption to tell them some mighty good news, a sure way to cure themselves right at home with little trouble," said E. S. Stroh, of Angola, Ind., yesterday, as he passed through.

"Coming from me, probably, some people might doubt this, but let me tell you," he said, as his 66-year-old face flushed with a resurrected, youthful smile, "over two years ago I was a wenzened-up wreck, a consumptive at 63. Three lung specialists passed me up. Every day I would cough up about a pint. I had chills and fever every afternoon. I could hardly eat, even the plainest food, coughed nearly all night, and was down to 137 pounds when I hit on the cure. Well you see me now. I weigh 166 pounds, frisky as a boy at 66, can do a big day's work, and eat like a prince.

"Now I am not trying to boost anybody, but I must give credit where credit is due. Dr. J. Lawrence Hill, 337 Hill Building, Jackson, Mich., the well known lung specialist of America and probably so far the only successful one, cured me. That was two years ago. I have just had my lungs examined again and there is no trace of consumption nor danger of its returning. Dr. Hill makes a specialty of treating throat and lung sufferers at a distance who have not the means of visiting his office personally. That's the way he cured me, and I know of many others who had one foot in the grave almost brought back to life by what he calls his Rational Treatment. It certainly is a wonder.

"I wish every reader of your paper who has weak lungs, catarrh of the bronchial tubes or catarrh in any form, chronic bronchitis, asthma, chronic hacking cough, loss of flesh, night sweats, hemorrhages, soreness or pain in the chest or under the shoulder blades or any other deadly symptom of consumption, to send to Dr. Hill for his free package. This treatment checks at once further progress of the disease, develops atrophied cell tissues and brings on new resisting power, appetite, flesh and good health." Fill out the free coupon below and mail today.

Free Package Treatment Coupon

Dr. J. Lawrence Hill, 337 Hill Building, Jackson, Mich.

I am suffering from throat and lung trouble, so please send me your large free package in plain sealed wrapper, that I may try it and see for myself if it will do what you claim it will. I enclose 20c. to help pay for packing, etc., and as an evidence that I am not sending for the free package out of idle curiosity.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

THE FIRST QUARREL.

A young couple had come to words for the first time. The woman already had her hat on and she stopped to say the last word: "I am going back to my parents."

After a few minutes the husband heard her rummaging about the kitchen. Opening the door half way, he said: "I thought you were going back to your parents." "I am," she said. "Then what are you looking for?" "For the house-key," was her reply.

—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

NOT POPULAR WITH THE YOUNG.

QUEER NAMES FOR BOOKS.

These are some of the odd titles of old English books published in the time of Cromwell:

"A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints To Smell at."

"Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

"A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel Known among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish."

"Eggs of Charity Layed for the Chickens of the Covenant, and Boiled with the Water of Divine Love. Take Ye Out and Eat."

"The Spiritual Mustard Pot To Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion."—*Washington Times.*

Professor (severely)—"Gentlemen, I must insist on silence in this room while I am speaking."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

UP-HILL WORK FOR MEMBERS.

THE GUTZEIT COMPANY

410-412-414 West Short Street

LEXINGTON, KY.

BILLY BURKE

Strictly Hand Made Sour Mash Bourbon

Very Old and Strictly Pure

Aged in the Wood

Pure, Healthful, Refreshing

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

CLUB TIME.

"What time did that young man leave, daughter?"

"He stayed until you got home from the political club, mother returned from her card club, and Susan came back from the girls' club."—*Punch.*

FACILE PRINCEPS.

Old Taylor

THE GOVERNMENT SPECIFICALLY GUARANTEES

BY ITS LITTLE GREEN STAMP over the cork of each bottle of OLD TAYLOR whiskey, BOTTLED IN BOND, four essential facts, namely:

The name of the Distiller
The Strength of the whiskey
Its full measure
The Age of the whiskey
and its absolute genuineness

NONE NEED BE DECEIVED

Read the certificate on the green stamp carefully.
The color of the green stamp cannot be legally imitated

IT IS A GREENBACK CURRENCY

Attempted imitations are punished by penalties such as are prescribed for counterfeiting United States Treasury Notes.

The PURITY and WHOLESOMENESS of

Old Taylor

resulting from cleanliness in handling and perfection in quality of its constituent grains give it a MORAL AGENCY in SOCIAL UPLIFT.

There is no dissipation in its breath. No failure in its tonic power.

OLD TAYLOR is the best brand of whiskey: its grade the highest as a beverage and medicinal whiskey, and as such it is accepted

NATIONALLY AND INTERNATIONALLY

This OLD TAYLOR whiskey has been in Government custody from the moment of its production to the very moment of the removal of the LITTLE GREEN STAMP (the Government's Guarantee) over the cork, when the user receives same in perfect original purity.

BOTTLED IN BOND

UNDER STRICT GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

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THE PREMIER KENTUCKY WHISKEY

It is not necessary to make extravagant claims for the quality of

PEBBLE-FORD

Bourbon

Made in an old-fashioned distillery in an old-fashioned way, it has an

Old-fashioned

quality which appeals to men who appreciate old-fashioned merit. Bottled in bond under governmental supervision.

The Clear Spring Distilling Co., Bardstown, Ky.

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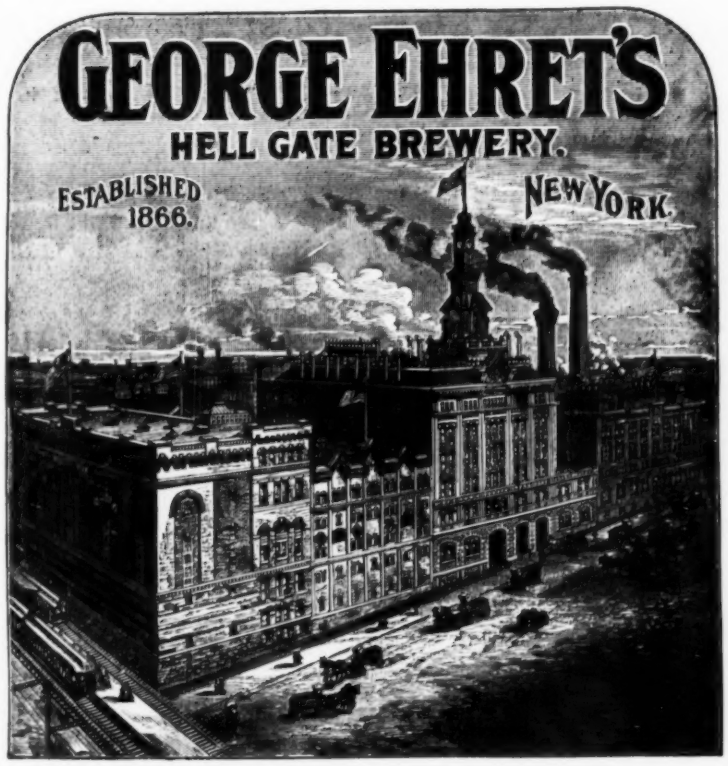
216-218 Randolph Street



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Between 2nd and 3rd Avenues
NEW YORK

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The People's Choice
BARBAROSSA
The finest of all beers

Absolutely pure, delicious, palatable, invigorating.

The drink of connoisseurs

Our Beers have received
HIGHEST AWARDS wherever EXHIBITED

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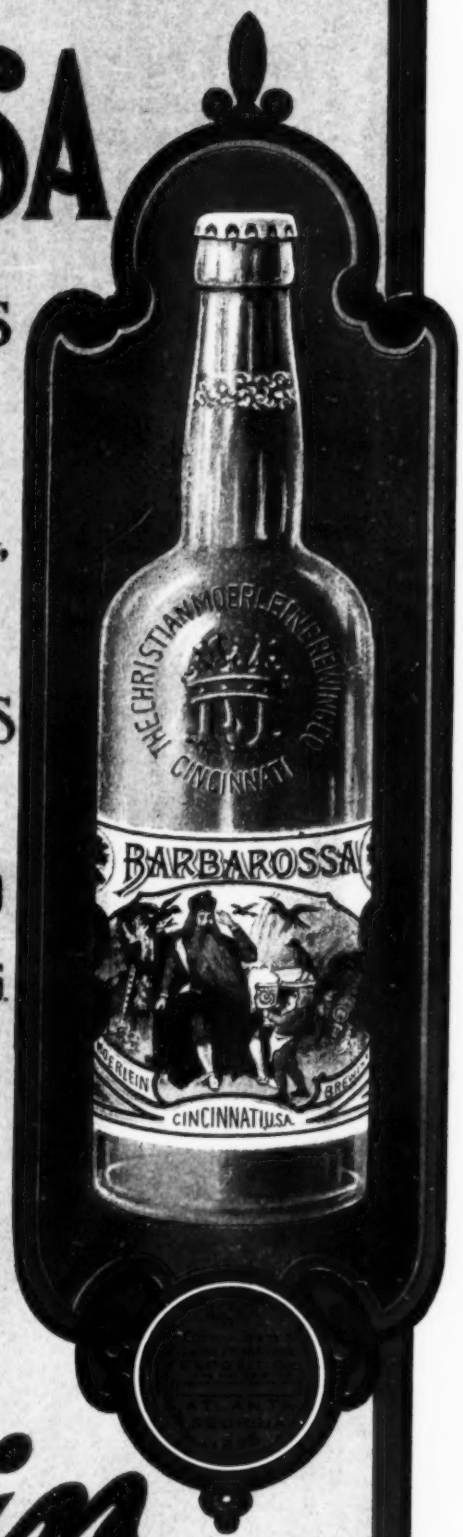

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THE CHRISTIAN MOERLEIN BREWING CO. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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THE CHRISTIAN
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Insist on getting what you ask for
"BARBAROSSA"